FULL 48 PAGES

JULY

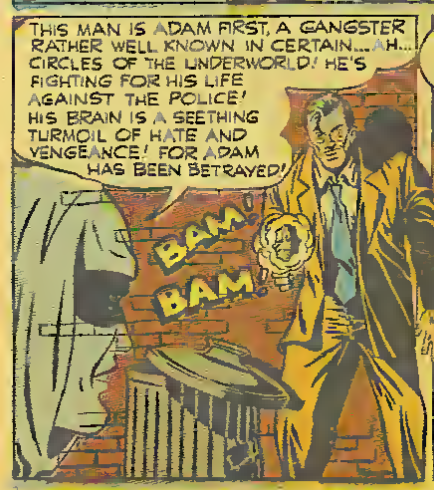
SUPER MYSTERY COMICS

10¢

The Unknown

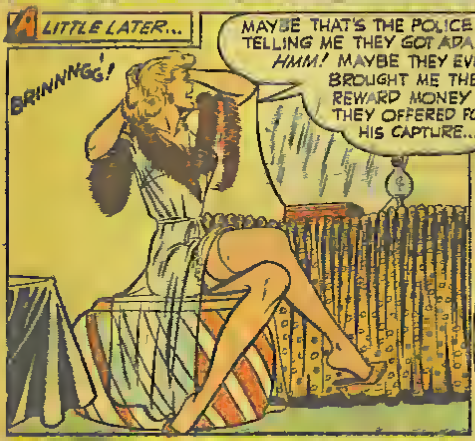
It was only an ordinary coin ... the ten-cent piece with the X worked onto it's face! Looking at it, no one would ever suspect it held a man's fate on its glittering surface! But, when that man's conscience flips the scales of fate the coin becomes...

THE DIME OF DOOM!



STELLA DOUBLE-CROSSED ME! A DAME ONLY DOES THAT ONCE TO ME! I'M COMING FOR YOU STELLA!

ADAM THINKS HE'S SAFE! HE DOESN'T HEAR ANYONE COMING AFTER HIM! HIS HEART IS BEATING FAST, BUT THAT'S NOT FROM FEAR! IT'S THE RAGE BOILING INSIDE HIM!
SAFE ENOUGH TO GO OUT NOW! SAFE ENOUGH TO PAY STELLA A VISIT...


A LITTLE LATER...
BRINNNGG!
MAYBE THAT'S THE POLICE TELLING ME THEY GOT ADAM! HMM! MAYBE THEY EVEN BROUGHT ME THE REWARD MONEY THEY OFFERED FOR HIS CAPTURE...

COME ON, LUCKY DIME! YOU AND MAMMA ARE OUT TO COLLECT SOME BROTHERS AND SISTERS LIKE YOU!

YOU! ADAM! I—WAIT! LISTEN TO ME...!

BLAMMM!

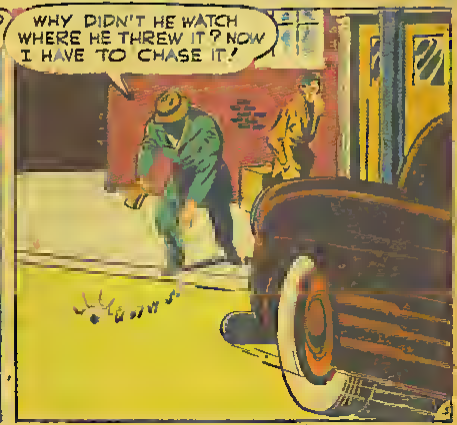
YOU DI-DIRTY KI-KILLER! YOU'RE GUN-MAD...MAD AS A DOG! YOU KILLED ME SURE! BUT I'LL GET EVEN, ADAM! I-I'LL HAUNT YOU ...WITH MY LUCKY DIME!

I'M PUTTING...A CURSE ON THE DIME, ADAM! THE DIME WILL SPELL ...YOUR DOOM! CURSING YOU... WITH MY DYING BREATH... GAHHHHH....!

NOW ADAM FIRST IS AFRAID! AFRAID OF A LITTLE METAL COIN! LIKE ALL KILLERS...HE IS TRYING TO OVERCOME THE STREAK OF COWARDICE, BURIED UNDER THE LAYERS OF WOULD-BE TOUGHNESS...!
GOTTA GET RID OF IT! THEN IT WON'T HURT ME!

I'LL GIVE THAT BEGGAR THE DIME! THEN I'LL BE RID OF IT! IMAGINE STELLA PULLIN' THAT CURSE STUFF ON ME! WHAT A LAUGH!

TOO BAD, ADAM! YOU MISSED THE CUP! YOU THINK YOURSELF FREE OF THE DIME? WAIT, ADAM, WAIT!
CLINK


WHY DIDN'T HE WATCH WHERE HE THREW IT? NOW I HAVE TO CHASE IT!

OHHH!

HEY, YOU! MISTER! COME BACK HERE! THAT DIME YOU GAVE ME! COME HERE...
THE FOOL! HE'LL ATTRACT ATTENTION TO ME!

TAKE IT BACK, MISTER! THAT'S A BAD LUCK COIN! I ALMOST GOT KILLED CHASIN' IT!
AH! YOU FOLLOW? LIKE ITS BROTHER...THE BAD PENNY... IT ALWAYS TURNS UP... IN ADAM FIRST'S HAND! NOW ADAM'S REALLY ALARMED!

GOT TO LOSE IT! MAYBE IN HERE...BUY A BEER OR A HAM SANDWICH...COUNTER-MAN WON'T REFUSE TO TAKE IT!

THIS IS PERFECT! A SLOT MACHINE! WITH MY LUCK, I CAN'T WIN ANYTHING... AND THE MACHINE CAN'T GIVE ME BACK THE DIME!
free lunch

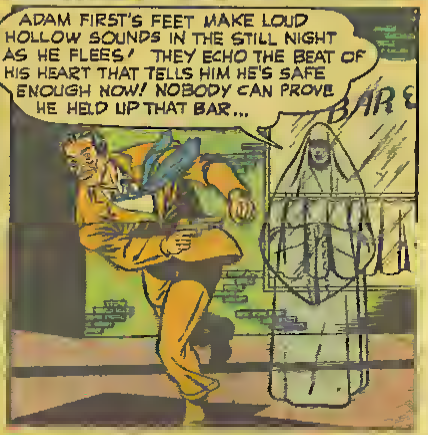
THE JACKPOT! I... GOT THE DIME BACK!
LUCKY-JACK

THAT'S NERVOUS SWEAT ON ADAM FIRST'S BROW! HE'S BECOMING ALARMED! SO FAR HE HASN'T HAD MUCH LUCK GETTING RID OF THAT DIME...
MAYBE HER CURSE IS STILL ON IT! MAYBE I'LL... NEVER GET RID OF IT... !
BAH! I'M JUST GIVING MYSELF FITS THINKING ABOUT IT! I'LL THROW IT AWAY...!
HEY, MISTER! YOU DROPPED A DIME!
NOT ME, SISTER! YOU MADE A MISTAKE! KEEP IT WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!
ADAM THINKS HE'S ESCAPED THE CURSE! MAYBE... AND MAYBE NOT! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THAT SHOESHINE MAN, THOUGH SO YOU'LL RECOGNIZE HIM WHEN YOU SEE HIM AGAIN...
SHINE 'EM UP GOOD, TONY!
YOU BETCHA, MISS!
THAT NIGHT, ALONE IN HIS ROOM...
I'LL GET OUT OF TOWN! BUT I'LL NEED A LITTLE STAKE! STELLA TOOK PLENTY TO KEEP HER HAPPY! I'M BROKE!
ADAM, KNOWS ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE MONEY... WITH A GUN IN HIS HAND. HE'S LOOKING FOR A VICTIM NOW! A WELL-DRESSED VICTIM...LOTS OF MONEY...PERHAPS EVEN—MORE THAN ONE VICTIM!
IT'S GETTIN' LATE! NOT MUCH CHANCE OF FINDIN' A STRAGGLER NOW!

THIS IS PERFECT! A BAR-PRAC-TICALLY EMPTY!

DON'T MAKE A MOVE, AN' YOU'LL BE OKAY! YOU... FELLA...TOSS ME YOUR WALLET...EMPTY YOUR POCKETS!
OKAY...TAKE IT EASY!

WAIT FIVE MINUTES... OR I'LL COME BACK SOME NIGHT AND BLAST YA!


ADAM FIRST'S FEET MAKE LOUD HOLLOW SOUNDS IN THE STILL NIGHT AS HE FLEES! THEY ECHO THE BEAT OF HIS HEART THAT TELLS HIM HE'S SAFE ENOUGH NOW! NOBODY CAN PROVE HE HELD UP THAT BAR...
BAR &

NOT BAD FOR A NIGHT'S HAUL! MUST BE A COUPLE OF HUNDRED BUCKS THERE! NOW TO COUNT IT...

TWO HUNDRED THIRTY-FIVE, TWO THIRTY-SIX! AND SOME CHANGE... MAYBE FIVE BUCKS' WORTH!

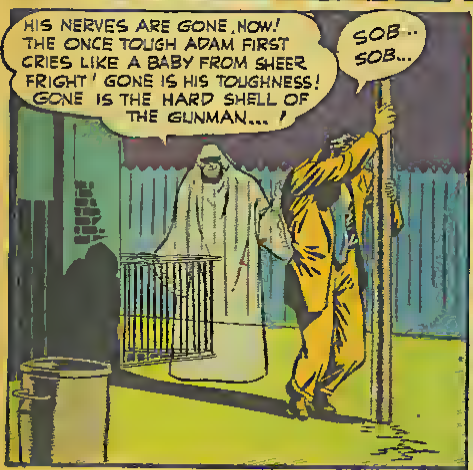
YEAH FIVE BUCKS... THAT DIME!
HIS WORDS CATCH IN HIS THROAT AS ADAM EXTENDS A HAND TOWARDS THE LITTLE FILE OF COINS! HE SEES A DIME...WITH A CURIOUS SCRATCH ON IT!
GET AWAY! IT CAN'T BE! STELLA...MAYBE SHE'S HERE... IN THE ROOM... MAYBE SHE PUT THE DIME THERE...AAAGGH!
HA! HA! HA! CAN YOU HEAR ME, STELLA? YOU'RE DRIVING ME MAD! MAD, YOU HEAR ME?
HA! HA! HOW DID YOU DO IT? CAN YOU HEAR ME? CAN YOU?
BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!
YOU'RE DEAD, STELLA! THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS GHOSTS! GO BACK TO THE GRAVE, STELLA! LEMME ALONE! GO AWAY... GO AWAY... TAKE THE DIME WITH YOU...!
TAKE IT EASY, BUD! YER WAKIN' FOLKS UP! PIPE DOWN!
PIPE DOWN? YEAH... I'LL PIPE DOWN! C'MERE, DIME! NICE LI'L DIME...GOIN' T'TAKE A WALK WITH YOU... C'MERE!
I KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF THIS DIME! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT SOONER?

CATCH THE BANKROLL, SLIM
IT'S LIKE HE WANTS US TO TAKE HIS DOUGH, SPIKE.
SOME TIME LATER TOWARD THE EARLY HOURS OF TH MORNING.....

THEY'VE TAKEN THE BAIT! I'LL SLOW DOWN... LET 'EM CATCH UP TO ME!

EASY DOES IT, BUD!
DON'T WORRY! I WON'T FIGHT!

FOR CARFARE, BUSTER!
THE -THE DIME! YOU- YOU'RE GIVING IT BACK TO ME!


HIS NERVES ARE GONE, NOW! THE ONCE TOUGH ADAM FIRST CRIES LIKE A BABY FROM SHEER FRIGHT! GONE IS HIS TOUGHNESS! GONE IS THE HARD SHELL OF THE GUNMAN... !
SOB... SOB...

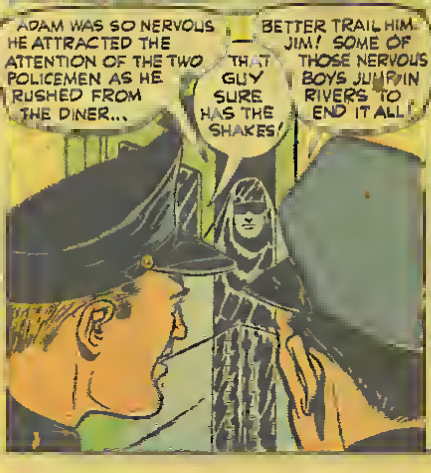
BUY CUPPA COFFEE WITH IT! COUNTERMAN WILL HAVE TO KEEP IT! WON'T ROB ANYBODY AGAIN...HE'LL KEEP IT...WON'T GIVE IT BACK TO ME!
JOE'S DINER
JOE'S DINER
FINE FOOD

ADAM FIRST TREMBLES AS HE REACHES FOR THE COFFEE! HIS HANDS QUIVER SO THAT HE CAN HARDLY CONTROL THEM!

STELLA MAYFAIR'S HER NAME... SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!
I'D GIVE A HUNDRED BUCKS TO GRAB THE KILLER!
ULP! HUH??

SPILLED COFFEE ON ME... GOT TO GET OUT... HAVE IT CLEANED...!

BOY... WHAT A LUCKY BREAK! WHEW! THOSE COPPERS... LOOKING FOR ME... AND I GOT AWAY!


ADAM WAS SO NERVOUS HE ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE TWO POLICEMEN AS HE RUSHED FROM THE DINER...
BETTER TRAIL HIM, JIM! SOME OF THOSE NERVOUS BOYS JUMP IN RIVERS TO END IT ALL!
THAT GUY SURE HAS THE SHAKES!

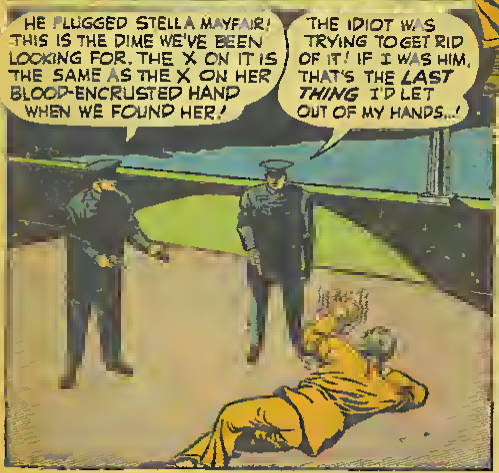
I'LL DROP THE COIN HERE... IT'LL SINK IN THE RIVER... BE LOST FOREVER!

WHAT'D I TELL YOU? LOOK AT HIM, ALL SET TO JUMP!
HEY, YOU, GET AWAY FROM THERE!

HUH...? WHA...? THE COPPERS!

CRAZY GALOOT! I—HEY- THAT DIME.. WHEW! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? STOP THAT GUY... STOP-HIM!

UGGGHH!
STOP!
BANG!


HE PLUGGED STELLA MAYFAIR! THIS IS THE DIME WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR. THE X ON IT IS THE SAME AS THE X ON HER BLOOD-ENCRUSTED HAND WHEN WE FOUND HER!
THE IDIOT WAS TRYING TO GET RID OF IT! IF I WAS HIM, THAT'S THE LAST THING I'D LET OUT OF MY HANDS...!

THAT WAS A LUCKY PIECE, THAT DIME! AS LONG AS HE HAD IT, ADAM WAS SAFE! IT WAS THE ONE PIECE OF EVIDENCE THE POLICE NEEDED TO CONVICT ADAM FIRST OF MURDER!

BERT And SUE

There were no vacancies in the little hotel where Bert and Sue sought shelter... no vacancies because a corpse occupied one room! A cadaver without a face... and fingerprints! A body without a name—that screamed aloud to the two amateur sleuths to solve the riddle of ...

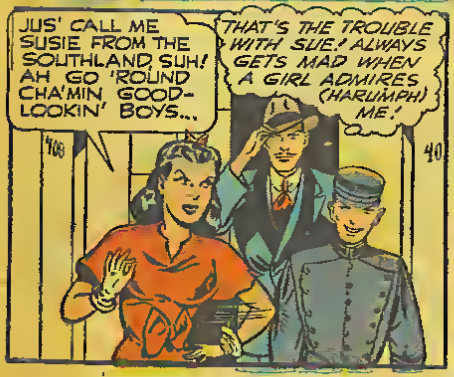
"The MAN NOBODY KNEW!"

HEY!
ENJOY YOUR TRIP, DARLING?
NOTICE

ONE— TWO— THREE—
WELL, LOOKY THERE! ISN'T THAT LI'L HUNK OF MAN JUST TOO CUTE FOR WORDS?
TAP TAP TAP!

CUT THE COMEDY! YOU AREN'T A BIT FUNNY!

PARDON ME, SIR! WORD JUST CAME DOWN! THE PAINTERS ARE THROUGH IN ROOM 411! YOU CAN HAVE THAT ROOM ... FRONT!
THAT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU!
PRIVATE


JUS' CALL ME SUSIE FROM THE SOUTHLAND, SUH! AH GO 'ROUND CHA'MIN, GOOD-LOOKIN' BOYS...
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH SUE! ALWAYS GETS MAD WHEN A GIRL ADMIRES (HARUMPH) ME!
400
40

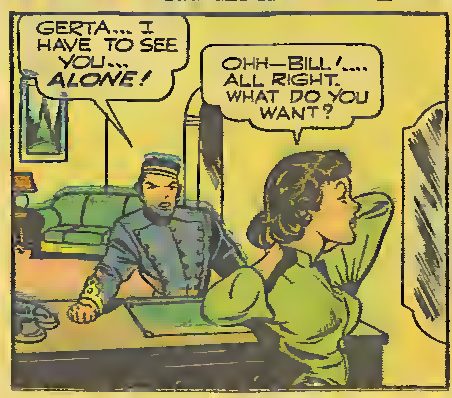
AAAAAGHHH!
YOU'D THINK SHE'D KNOW THAT A— HUH?
411

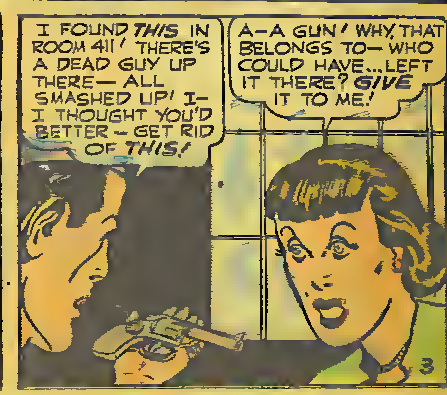
POOR DEVIL! (WHEW!) SOMEBODY SURE HATED HIM...
-OH! OH!
OHHH...

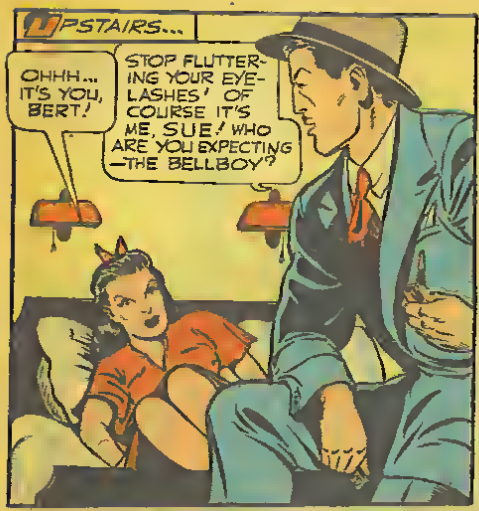
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER, SON. YOU GO GET A GLASS OF WATER OR SOMETHING! GET LOST, WILL YOU?
YE-YESSIR!

THAT REVOLVER...

THEY AREN'T LOOKING... NOW'S MY CHANCE TO STASH THIS GUN!

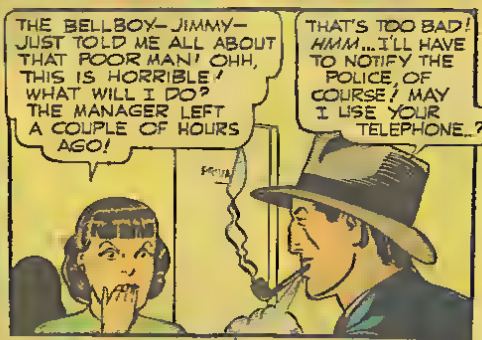

GERTA... I HAVE TO SEE YOU... ALONE!
OHH—BILL!.... ALL RIGHT. WHAT DO YOU WANT?


I FOUND THIS IN ROOM 411! THERE'S A DEAD GUY UP THERE— ALL SMASHED UP! I— I THOUGHT YOU'D BETTER — GET RID OF THIS!
A—A GUN! WHY, THAT BELONGS TO— WHO COULD HAVE... LEFT IT THERE? GIVE IT TO ME!


UPSTAIRS...
OHHH... IT'S YOU, BERT!
STOP FLUTTERING YOUR EYELASHES! OF COURSE IT'S ME, SUE! WHO ARE YOU EXPECTING—THE BELLBOY?

IS-IS HE STILL THERE? BERT... WHAT CAN WE DO? THAT POOR MAN...
I'LL SEE THE MANAGER! MAYBE HE CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS!

THEN YOU HAVE TO...
CERTAINLY TAKES A LONG TIME TO GET A DRINK OF WATER! WHERE'S THE MANAGER?

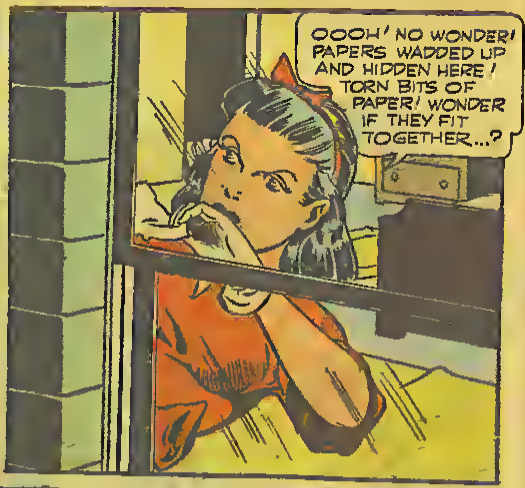

THE BELLBOY—JIMMY—JUST TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THAT POOR MAN! OHH, THIS IS HORRIBLE! WHAT WILL I DO? THE MANAGER LEFT A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO!
THAT'S TOO BAD! HMM... I'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE POLICE, OF COURSE! MAY I USE YOUR TELEPHONE..?

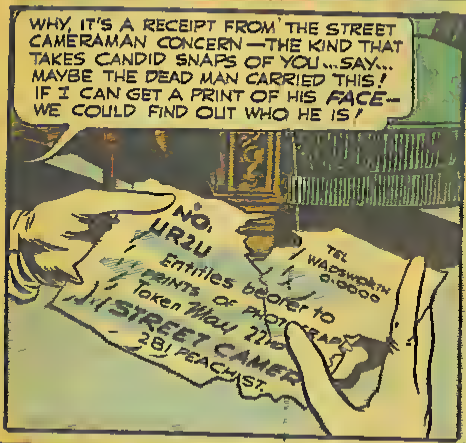
MY GOODNESS YES! AND DICK CARNEY THE HOUSE DETECTIVE—MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO TELL HIM, TOO! I MEAN— HE OUGHT TO KNOW, SHOULDN'T HE?
HOUSE DETECTIVE? GOOD IDEA! I'LL DO THAT AS SOON AS I'VE PHONED THE POLICE!

IN THE HOTEL DETECTIVE'S ROOM...
MIND IF I COME IN? I JUST KNOCKED BUT YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME! THERE'S A DEAD MAN UPSTAIRS—MURDERED!
GRESOLV FOR DIRTY HANDS

A-WHAT? DEAD MAN! HOW IN THE WORLD—? I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
HMMM...!
HIS HEAD WAS SMASHED IN AND HIS FINGERTIPS BURNED WITH ACID! A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT—TO HIDE HIS IDENTITY!
EASY ENOUGH TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS! WE'LL CHECK THE HOTEL REGISTER BOOK!
GULP! THE-THE REGISTER IS GONE! AND SOME OTHER PAPERS...SOMEONE MUST'VE ROBBED US, MR. CARNEY!
NONSENSE! WE'LL TAKE A LOOK IN THE HOTEL VAULT! MAYBE MR. BRENNER, THE MANAGER, PUT THEM AWAY FOR SAFEKEEPING!
BUT MY UNCLE, FRANK BRENNER, IS THE HOTEL MANAGER. HE WOULDN'T DO THAT! HE ALWAYS INSISTED THAT THE REGISTER BE KEPT RIGHT THERE...
OH? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE BRENNER'S NIECE!
WE'LL LOOK IN THE VAULTS! THE BOOKS MUST BE THERE!
THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY HERE! BEFORE UNCLE FRANK LEFT, HE QUARRELED WITH DICK! MAYBE ...MAYBE HE STOLE THOSE PAPERS HIMSELF AND—OH, BUT THAT'S TOO TERRIBLE TO THINK ABOUT!
IN THE MEANTIME...
HMM... NO LAUNDRY MARKS ON THE SHIRT.. NO IDENTIFYING LABELS ON THIS COAT! WHO IS THIS CHARACTER ANYHOW?

WHEW! THE PAINT SMELL IN HERE IS AWFUL! GOT TO HAVE SOME FRESH AIR! I'LL OPEN THE WINDOW.... IT'S STUCK!


OOOH! NO WONDER! PAPERS WADDED UP AND HIDDEN HERE! TORN BITS OF PAPER! WONDER IF THEY FIT TOGETHER...?


WHY, IT'S A RECEIPT FROM THE STREET CAMERAMAN CONCERN—THE KIND THAT TAKES CANDID SNAPS OF YOU...SAY... MAYBE THE DEAD MAN CARRIED THIS! IF I CAN GET A PRINT OF HIS FACE—WE COULD FIND OUT WHO HE IS!
NO, UR2U
TEL WADSWORTH 0-0000
Entitles bearer to prints of photograph taken Wkd 7th
STREET CAMER
28! PEACHST.

BERT WON'T MISS ME! MATTER OF FACT, I'LL PROBABLY BE BACK BEFORE HE GETS THAT GLASS OF WATER!
HOTEL
HARMONY

AT THE STREET CAMERAMAN COMPANY..
OH, YES! I'LL HAVE THE PRINTS FOR YOU IN JUST A MINUTE!

OH, MY GOODNESS! I NEVER THOUGHT—! WAIT UNTIL I SHOW THESE TO BERT!

MEANWHILE... AT THE HOTEL...
WE'LL CHECK IN HERE FIRST AND THEN...
HEY! LOOKS AS IF A CYCLONE STRUCK HERE! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, WILL YOU!
THE REGISTRY BOOK IS GONE! WOW! LOOK AT THIS FILE! ABOUT THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF BONDS AND MONEY HAS BEEN STOLEN! IT BELONGED TO EDGAR MACKLIN, ONE OF OUR GUESTS!
HMMM... COULD BE THIS GUEST DISCOVERED SOMEONE RIFLING THE VAULT, RAISED MERRY NED ABOUT IT... AND..
SURE! AND TO COVER HIMSELF, BRENNER KILLED HIM!
SNAP!
BRENNER? THE MANAGER?
SURE! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD ENTER THIS VAULT! HE'S LEFT THE HOTEL—PROBABLY BEATING IT TO SOME HIDEOUT! BETTER NOTIFY THE POLICE TO MAKE A SEARCH...
THE POLICE ARE HERE IN RESPONSE TO YOUR PHONE CALL!
THANKS, GERTA! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH THEM!
FRANK BRENNER! THAT'S HIS NAME! STOCKY MAN, SLIGHTLY BALD! WEARS EXPENSIVE CLOTHES.
WE'LL PUT THROUGH A "CHECK CALL" ON HIM WITH ALL BUS TRAIN AND AIRPLANE TERMINALS! WE'LL GET HIM ALL RIGHT!

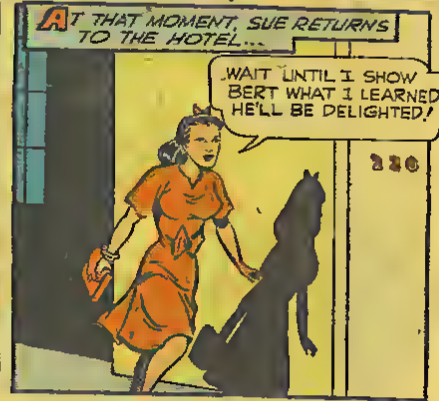
PERHAPS YOU CAN LEARN MORE THAN SUE AND I DID! YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO LOCATE SOME CLUES IN THE ROOM ITSELF!
WE (GASP) BROUGHT ALONG OUR CAMERAMAN! THEY'LL TAKE PICTURES!
SUE, HONEY... I'M BACK. SUE!
DON'T TELL ME ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO HER?
THIS MAY BE MACKLIN! DON'T RECOGNIZE THE CLOTHES, THOUGH!
THE HOMICIDE BUREAU WILL FIND OUT WHO HE IS! WATCH IT, MISTER!
ISN'T LIKE SUE TO RUN OFF WITHOUT LEAVING ME SOME WORD! BETTER TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE HOTEL!
SHE SIMPLY DISAPPEARED! I'LL WAIT AN HOUR— AND KEEP MY FINGERS CROSSED!
BETTER CHECK WITH CARNEY AND SEE WHAT THE POLICE HAVE DISCOVERED ABOUT THAT MURDERED MAN—IF ANYTHING!

THE POLICE RAN UP AGAINST A STONE WALL! NOT A SINGLE CLUE! NO FINGER-PRINTS! NO LABELS ON THE CLOTHES! NO NOTHING! BRENNER DID A THOROUGH JOB!
THAT'S ODD! IT DOESN'T FIT IN AT ALL WITH THE PICTURE! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT BRENNER—
I- I HEARD YOU TWO—TALKING ABOUT MY UNCLE! SO YOU'RE TRYING TO FRAME HIM! TRYING TO MAKE OUT THAT HE'S A ROBBER AND A MURDERER!
GERTA!
CAREFUL! SHE'S HYSTERICAL!
HYSTERICAL? YOU BET I'M HYSTERICAL! WHO WOULDN'T BE—AFTER HEARING THE THINGS YOU'VE BEEN SAYING? MY UNCLE IS INNOCENT! INNOCENT! JUST BECAUSE HE WENT AWAY ON BUSINESS...
GOT TO GET THAT GUN... BEFORE YOU HURT SOMEONE...
BLAM!
I WARNED YOU—
WHEWWW! LUMP... LIKE AN OSTRICH EGG...
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME ... BECAUSE I KNOW WHO KILLED MACKLIN!

MEANWHILE, THE POLICE THROW A DRAGNET ACROSS THE ENTIRE CITY...
POLICE

JIM, I JUST HEARD THAT RADIO BROADCAST FLASH ABOUT A FRANK BRENNER. A MAN BY THAT NAME SIGNED IN FOR A FLIGHT TO CHICAGO AT 3.23!

THAT MUST BE HIM, ALL RIGHT! GIVES HIS ADDRESS AS THE HOTEL HARMONY!
TAKE ONE


AT THAT MOMENT, SUE RETURNS TO THE HOTEL...
WAIT UNTIL I SHOW BERT WHAT I LEARNED! HE'LL BE DELIGHTED!
220

OH, MY GOODNESS!

IT ISN'T ENOUGH YOU FLIRT WITH MY HUSBAND! NOW YOU AIM GUNS AT HIM!
OHHHHHH!

I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR ALL THIS TROUBLE, YOUNG LADY!

I'LL SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT... YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND...!

SUDDENLY...

CLICK!

OFF

HEY! LET ME UP! YOU GOT THE WRONG GUY!

A FRENZIED MOMENT, A SCREAM, A STRUGGLE IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE UNLIGHTED ROOM... AND WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON...

WHO TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS?

GERTA GOT AWAY—!

I DUNNO WHO TURNED 'EM OFF! I JUST TURNED 'EM ON! WE GOT A CALL FROM HEADQUARTERS. FRANK BRENNER REGISTERED WITH CENTURY AIR LINES AT 3.23 THIS AFTERNOON FOR A FLIGHT TO CHICAGO!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! HE DID NOTHING OF THE KIND!

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT!

OH-OH! THIS CONFIRMS THE SUSPICIONS I'VE HAD ALL ALONG! NOW WE KNOW WHO THE DEAD MAN IS—AND WHO KILLED HIM!

COME ON! WE CAN GET HIM!

RIGHT WITH YOU, DARLING!

SAY, WHAT COOKS HERE? LEMME SEE THAT PICTURE! HEYYY!

YOU'RE THE MAN WE WANT, CARNEY!

YOU KILLED THE MAN INSIDE... HAMMERED HIS HEAD... ACID-DIPPED HIS FINGERPRINTS!

I FIRST SUSPECTED HIM WHEN HE USED GRESOLVENT TO WASH HIS HANDS! NO HOTEL DETECTIVE DOES WORK REQUIRING THAT INSTEAD OF SOAP! WHY DID HE USE IT? BECAUSE HE HAD FRESH PAINT ON HIS HANDS! HE HAD TO WASH IT OFF!

THE PAINT HE GOT ON WHEN HE TOUCHED THE WALL OF THE FRESHLY-PAINTED ROOM!

HE TOLD ME ONLY THE HOTEL MANAGER COULD GET INTO THE VAULT—YET HE HIMSELF LET ME IN! HE ROBBED THE VAULT... WAS DISCOVERED BY FRANK BRENNER! THEN HE HAD TO KILL HIM TO SAVE HIMSELF A PRISON STRETCH!

HE WENT AND SIGNED BRENNER'S NAME TO THE PLANE COMPANY BOOK! HE HAD TO DO THAT—BECAUSE BRENNER IS THE DEAD MAN! HE TRIED TO MAKE IT SEEM THAT BRENNER HAD RUN AWAY!

WE OVERHEARD WHAT YOU SAID, MISS SUE. I FOUND MR. BRENNER'S GUN IN 411... TOOK IT AND GAVE IT TO GERTA... WE WERE AFRAID MR. BRENNER MIGHT BE SUSPECTED..!

I—I GUESS I WAS FOOLISH! I—LOST MY HEAD! I'M SORRY!

YOU SEE, I HEARD UNCLE FRANK AND CARNEY QUARRELING! I WAS AFRAID CARNEY MIGHT PULL THE WOOL OVER YOUR EYES! I HAD TO DO SOMETHING DESPERATE TO—ATTRACT YOUR ATTENTION!

NOT THAT DESPERATE, HONEY. THERE WAS ENOUGH KILLING AROUND HERE TODAY WITHOUT ADDING TO THE TOTAL!

AND WE STILL DON'T HAVE A ROOM!

LET'S GO HOME, DARLING... BEFORE WE WALK INTO ANOTHER HOTEL AND SOMEBODY ELSE HEAVES A CORPSE AT US...

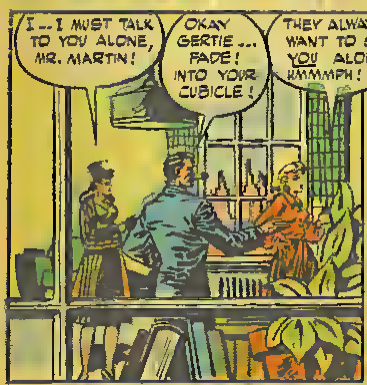
MACK MARTIN
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

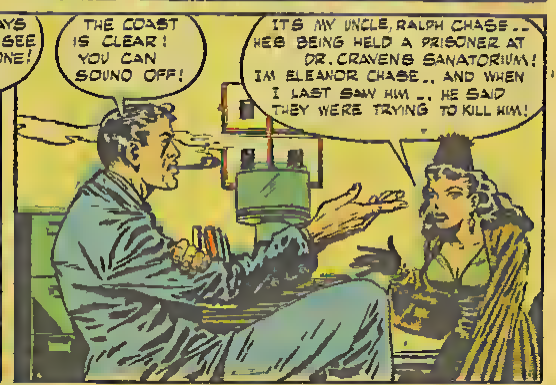
HE'S KNOWN AS A PRIVATE "EYE" TO THE TRADE, BUT HIS CASES GENERALLY LEAD TO A PUBLIC MURDER WHERE EVERYBODY AND HIS BROTHER TRIES TO GET IN THE ACT USING MACK MARTIN AS THE STAR ATTRACTION FOR A HAIL OF LEAD BY HOT TRIGGER FINGERS THAT SPELL OUT A NEW HAIR-RAISING ESCAPADE LIKE ....

THE CASE OF THE PLANNED ACCIDENT

GEE, MACK... I RATHER BE YOUR SATURDAY NIGHT GIRL AND ...!
I'M BUSY, SIS.. WAIT OUTSIDE.
YOU'RE MACK MARTIN, AREN'T YOU!? I MUST SPEAK TO YOU!

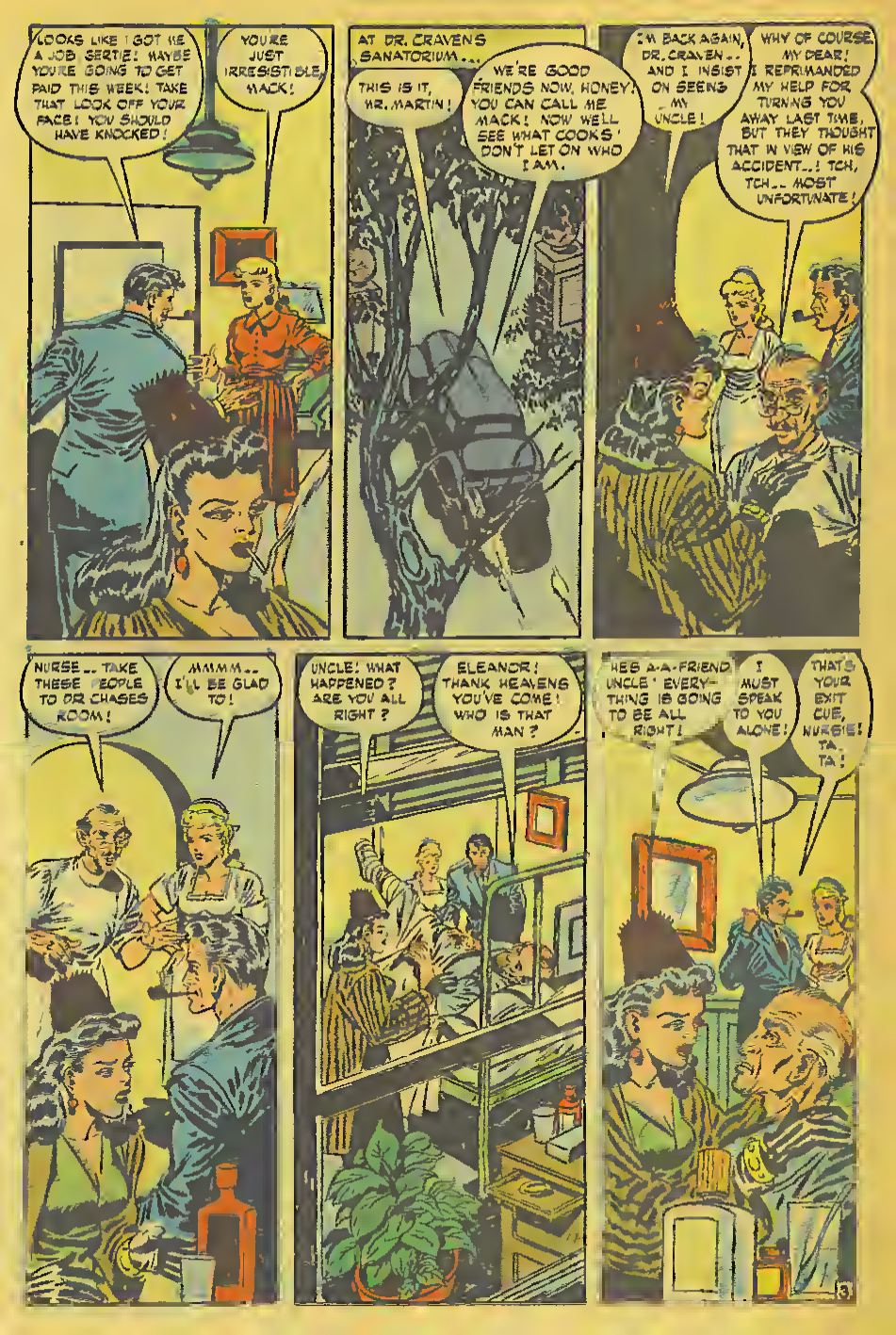
WAIT...! YES THEY'RE STILL THERE! THEY FOLLOWED ME!
I DON'T KNOW ANY ANSWERS TO RIDDLES HONEY! GIVE OUT!


I...I MUST TALK TO YOU ALONE, MR. MARTIN!
OKAY GERTIE... FADE! INTO YOUR CUBICLE!
THEY ALWAYS WANT TO SEE YOU ALONE! HMMMPH!


THE COAST IS CLEAR! YOU CAN SOUND OFF!
IT'S MY UNCLE, RALPH CHASE.. HE'S BEING HELD A PRISONER AT DR. CRAVEN'S SANATORIUM! I'M ELEANOR CHASE.. AND WHEN I LAST SAW HIM.. HE SAID THEY WERE TRYING TO KILL HIM!

MAYBE YOUR UNCLE IS JUST A SICK MAN, ELLIE!
NO..NO! HE'S A PRISONER! THEY WON'T LET ME SEE HIM! I WAS TOLD THAT HE HAD AN ACCIDENT! PLEASE.. HELP ME! I WANT TO GET HIM OUT OF THERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

EASY BABY! WE'LL HOP UP TO THIS JOINT AND SEE WHAT'S UP!
THANK YOU.. THANK YOU, MR. MARTIN!
AHEM.. AM I INTERRUPTING SOMETHING?


LOOKS LIKE I GOT ME A JOB, SERTIE! MAYBE YOU'RE GOING TO GET PAID THIS WEEK! TAKE THAT LOOK OFF YOUR FACE! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOCKED!
YOU'RE JUST IRRESISTIBLE, MACK!
AT DR. CRAVEN'S SANATORIUM...
THIS IS IT, MR. MARTIN!
WE'RE GOOD FRIENDS NOW, HONEY. YOU CAN CALL ME MACK! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT COOKS! DON'T LET ON WHO I AM.
I'M BACK AGAIN, DR. CRAVEN... AND I INSIST ON SEEING MY UNCLE!
WHY OF COURSE, MY DEAR! I REPRIMANDED MY HELP FOR TURNING YOU AWAY LAST TIME, BUT THEY THOUGHT THAT IN VIEW OF HIS ACCIDENT...! TCH, TCH... MOST UNFORTUNATE!
NURSE... TAKE THESE PEOPLE TO DR CHASES ROOM!
MMMM... I'LL BE GLAD TO!
UNCLE! WHAT HAPPENED? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
ELEANOR! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! WHO IS THAT MAN?
HE'S A-A-FRIEND UNCLE! EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!
I MUST SPEAK TO YOU ALONE!
THAT'S YOUR EXIT CUE, NURSIE! TA-TA!
3

THEY'RE HOLDING ME HERE AGAINST MY WILL! THREE DAYS AGO I HAD TO SIGN MY PAPERS TO GET MY RELEASE: I DID SIGN... AND SINCE THEN I'VE HAD ONE NARROW ESCAPE AFTER ANOTHER!
BUT YOUR FOOT...!
AFTER SIGNING THE PAPERS THEY SAID I COULD LEAVE! GOING DOWN THE STEPS I TRIPPED OVER A THIN WIRE WHICH HAD BEEN STRETCHED ACROSS THE LANDING! BY GRABBING THE BANNISTER I BROKE THE FALL AND SAVED MYSELF! BUT THEY PURPOSELY PUT THE WIRE THERE... I KNOW IT!
OH DEAR! THIS IS FRIGHTFUL!
GET ME OUT OF HERE.. PLEASE! THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME!
EASY, MR. CHASE.. NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN!
OHHH, MR. MARTIN! DR. CRAVEN WANTS TO SEE YOU!
COMING BABY!
ARE YOU HAPPY, NURSIE?
I WASN'T UNTIL YOU SHOWED UP, HANDSOME
AHHH! THERE YOU ARE!
I SUPPOSE POOR MR. CHASE TOLD YOU HIS FAVORITE STORY, EH? HE THINKS WE'RE TRYING TO KILL HIM POOR SOUL! BUT HE'S SUFFERING FROM A CASE OF PARANOIA... BELIEVES EVERYBODY IS PERSECUTING HIM! COULD BE DANGEROUS YOU KNOW! THAT'S WHY WE HAVE TO WATCH HIM!
OHHH.. ONE OF THOSE CASES, EH?
4

HOWEVER, MR. CHASE IS BECOMING SOMETHING OF A HEADACHE TO US SO YOU'D BE DOING US A FAVOR BY REMOVING HIM! HIS NIECE HAS ALL SORTS OF IDEAS, YOU KNOW!
I GUESS THAT SCREWY BUSINESS RUNS IN THE FAMILY! I THINK I'LL BLOW!

SEE THIS GENTLEMAN OUT, NURSE!
YES DR. CRAVEN!

NOW HONEY, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME HOW YOU KNEW I WAS MACK MARTIN! YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY WHEN YOU CALLED ME BY NAME IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM!
ER...ER...I-I...I DID?

WHY EVERYBODY KNOWS MACK MARTIN, THE PRIVATE "EYE"! AND I ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU!

MMMMM!

THEY DIDN'T OVER-RATE YOU AS A CHARM BOY MACK!
AND THEY DIDN'T TEACH YOU TO KISS LIKE THAT IN SCHOOL!

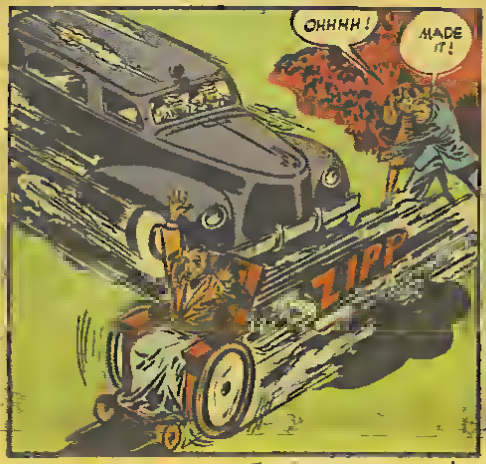
A REAL LITTLE CUTIE, THAT BLONDE BOMBSHELL! I GUESS THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WIND AFTER ALL! CRAVEN AND NURSIE ARE JUST A COUPLE OF SMOOTH PLAYMATES WHO WERE A LITTLE TOO ANXIOUS TO GET ME OUT OF HERE!

MACK CAUTIOUSLY MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE WINDOW OF DR. CRAVEN.
THE DAME IS TAKING THE OLD BOY OUT IN A WHEEL CHAIR, DOC!
GOOD! YOU BOYS KNOW WHAT TO DO! MAKE SURE IT LOOKS GOOD!

HURRY, ELEANOR! HURRY.. BEFORE THEY SEE US!
I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN, UNCLE!

OH, OH.. HERE COMES THE ACCIDENT!

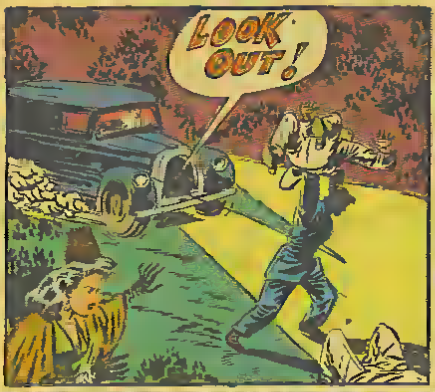
LOOK OUT!


OHHHH!
MADE IT!
ZIPP

IT'S THAT SMART PUNK! GET HIM.. FAST!
STAND BY! THESE RATS MEAN BUSINESS!

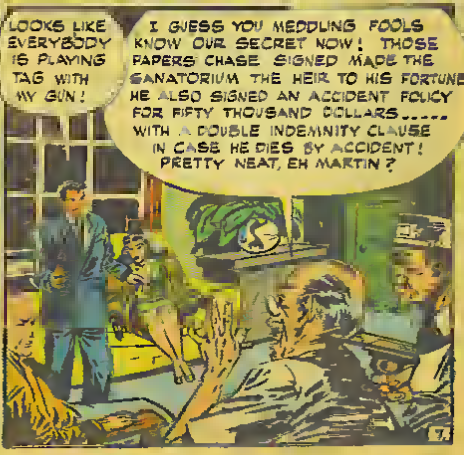
THATS THE KIND OF JAW I LIKE TO MASSAGE!
POW

CRACK


LOOK OUT!

WHAM

DON'T MOVE OR I'LL BLAST YUH!
TAKE EM TO THE DOC, YOU FOOLS!
HI, NURSE.. YOU DON'T LOOK SO PRETTY WITH THE MASK OFF!


LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY IS PLAYING TAG WITH MY GUN!
I GUESS YOU MEDDLING FOOLS KNOW OUR SECRET NOW! THOSE PAPERS CHASE SIGNED MADE THE SANATORIUM THE HEIR TO HIS FORTUNE HE ALSO SIGNED AN ACCIDENT POLICY FOR FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS..... WITH A DOUBLE INDEMNITY CLAUSE IN CASE HE DIES BY ACCIDENT! PRETTY NEAT, EH MARTIN?

YOU CLUCKS ARE PRETTY OBVIOUS WITH YOUR MURDER BUSINESS! SIC THE BLONDE ON ME TO GET ME OUT OF THE PICTURE! YOU OUGHT TO TALK TO HER ABOUT CALLING ME BY MY NAME! A BAD SLIP!

SO WHAT, BRIGHT BOY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT... AND THEN WE'RE GOING TO ARRANGE ANOTHER ACCIDENT!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BABY...!

CRASH

STOP HIM!

DO YOU SEE HIM? SHOOT! DON'T LET HIM...!

HERE I AM, SONNY!

RELAX! I GOTTA BORROW THAT ROD OF YOURS!

JUST A SAMPLE, DOC! ANYBODY THAT MOVES GETS A BELLYFUL OF THE SAME!

O-DON'T SHOOT!

AGGH!

THE POLICE ARE SUMMONED AND QUICKLY TAKE OVER...

YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER, HONEY! THE COPS WILL TAKE CARE OF THOSE CHARACTERS!

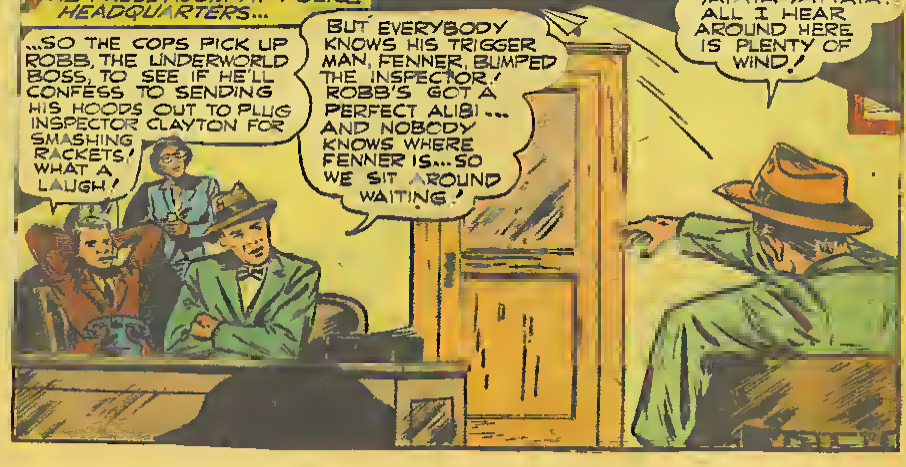
WE OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU MR MARTIN! YOU'RE GRAND!

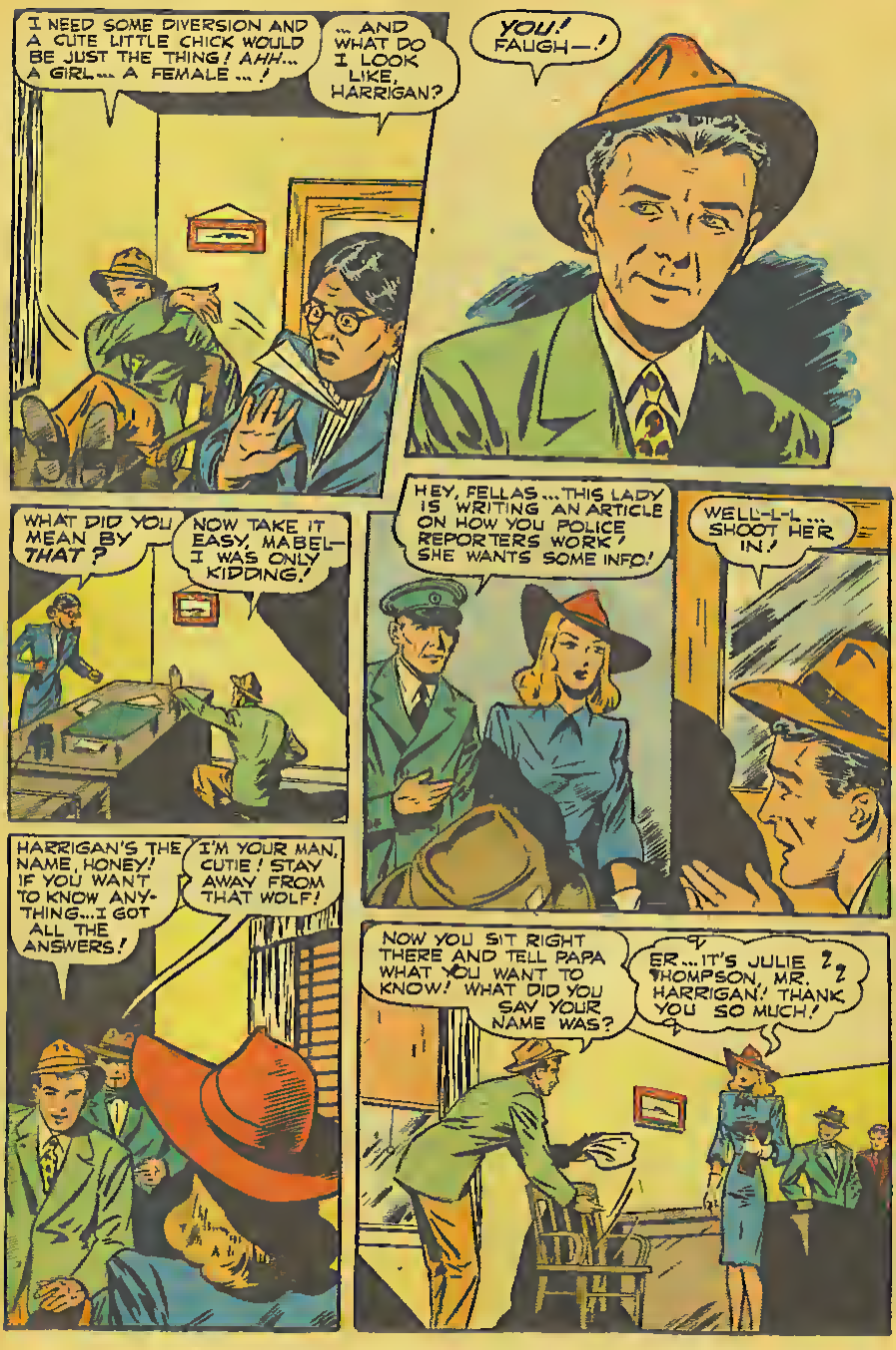
HMMMM... THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN! WHAT DID YOU WANT ME FOR, MACK?

HI SEETIE! I JUST CALLED TO TELL YOU I WON'T BE BACK IN THE OFFICE! SWEETIE PIE AND ME ARE GOING OUT FOR A LITTLE CELEBRATION!

HURRY-UP HARRIGAN
POLICE REPORTER

A man can only die once... but nobody wants to die if he can help it... not even a professional killer who has the tables turned and finds himself on the spot with Hurry-Up Harrigan, the ace reporter, to keep him company in a new headline hit that could be called... "A ONE WAY RIDE!"



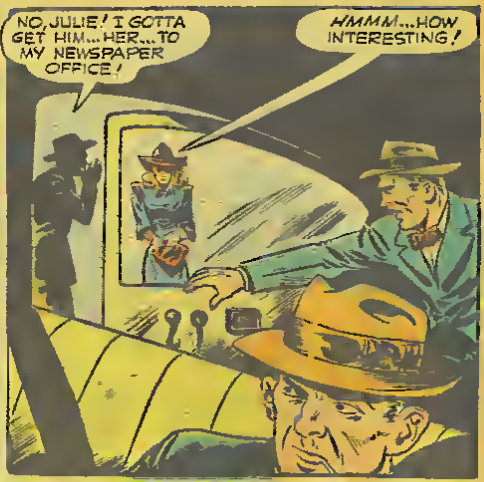

I NEED SOME DIVERSION AND A CUTE LITTLE CHICK WOULD BE JUST THE THING! AHH... A GIRL... A FEMALE ...!
... AND WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, HARRIGAN?
YOU! FAUGH—!
WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY THAT?
NOW TAKE IT EASY, MABEL— I WAS ONLY KIDDING!
HEY, FELLAS... THIS LADY IS WRITING AN ARTICLE ON HOW YOU POLICE REPORTERS WORK! SHE WANTS SOME INFO!
WELL-L-L... SHOOT HER IN!
HARRIGAN'S THE NAME, HONEY! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING... I GOT ALL THE ANSWERS!
I'M YOUR MAN, CUTIE! STAY AWAY FROM THAT WOLF!
NOW YOU SIT RIGHT THERE AND TELL PAPA WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW! WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?
ER... IT'S JULIE THOMPSON, MR. HARRIGAN! THANK YOU SO MUCH!

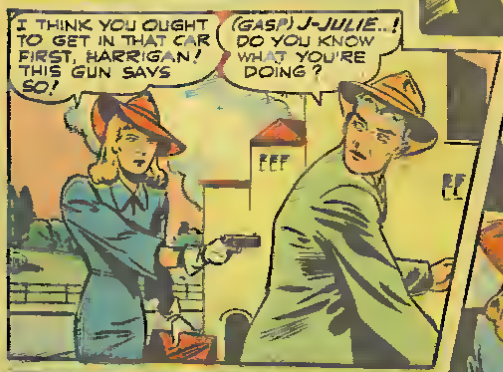
WELL... I... I'M SORT OF FLUSTERED! I... I WONDER IF I COULD HAVE A DRINK OF WATER?
STAND BACK... GIVE HER ROOM! WATER?
I'LL GET IT! STAY RIGHT THERE!
HERE I AM WITH A BOTTLE OF COKE... HEY! WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
"TAKE YOUR TIME HARRIGAN! WE'RE TAKING THE LITTLE GIRL OUT FOR SOME REAL REFRESHMENT! HA! HA!" WHY, THE HEELS! I'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED!
WHAT A BREAK! I FIND MYSELF A CUTE TRICK AND THOSE MONKEYS HAVE TO HORN IN...!
THE COPS! I WANNA SEE THE COPS! I'M READY TO "SING!"
HUH?
IT... IT'S FENNER!
DON'T LET 'EM GET ME! THE BIG BOY HAS PUT ME ON THE SPOT! I CROAKED DE INSPECTOR LIKE HE TELLS ME... AND NOW HE WANTS TO BUMP ME! WHERE'S THE COPS?

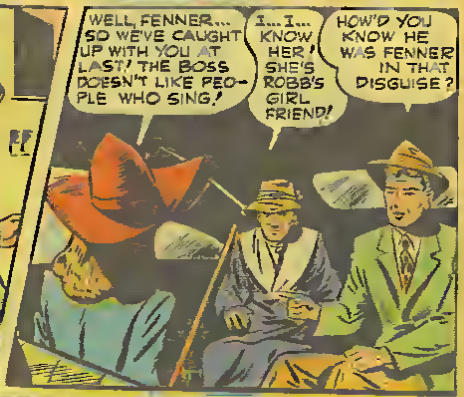
I'LL CONFESS—I'LL TALK! I DID THE JOB! BUT ROBB GAVE ME ORDERS! NOW HE WANTS TO KILL ME!
IF I CAN GET THIS GUY WHERE HE CAN CONFESS TO THE PAPER—! WHAT A STORY!
EASY FENNER! I'LL HELP YOU!
THEY'RE COMING BACK!
GET IN THERE, FENNER... AND KEEP QUIET!
I HEAR SOMEBODY COMING!
PUT THOSE CLOTHES ON! DISGUISE YOURSELF AS A CLEANING WOMAN!
I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY... BUT DON'T LET 'EM KILL ME!
HI, HARRIGAN! SORRY WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO WAIT FOR YOU... BUT JULIE WAS VERY THIRSTY! HEH, HEH!
NO HARD FEELINGS, FELLAS!
I KNOW YOU MUST THINK I'M VERY RUDE, MR. HARRIGAN! BUT THE BOYS INSISTED! I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE!
FORGET IT, JULIE! IT'S A GOOD THING SOMEBODY WAS AROUND HERE! ONE OF THE CLEANING WOMEN GOT VERY SICK AND I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF HER!
WHAT A NOBLE SOUL! WHERE IS SHE, HARRIGAN?
I PUT HER IN THE CLOSET! I FIGURED IT'D BE A NICE PLACE FOR HER TO REST!
THE CLOSET?

FEELING BETTER? MAYBE YOU BETTER COME OUT HERE AND SIT DOWN!
OKAY, GRANDMA! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME NOW! GET YOUR STUFF TOGETHER!
IS THIS YOURS?
HEY-THAT'S MY LUNCH!
I THINK I'LL GO ALONG AND GIVE YOU A HAND, MR. HARRIGAN!
FORGET IT HONEY! I CAN TAKE CARE OF HER MYSELF!
BUT I INSIST! A WOMAN'S TOUCH, YOU KNOW!
B-BUT...!
NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING! HARRIGAN TRYING TO GET RID OF A DISH LIKE THAT TO TAKE GRAND MA HOME!
WELL—OKAY, JULIE! LET'S GET GOING!
THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT ALL THIS! I WISH I KNEW WHAT!

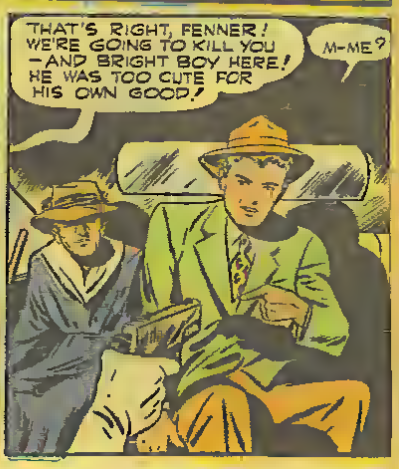
W, IT'LL I GET A CAB!
DON'T BOTHER! I HAVE MY CAR HERE! THERE IT IS!

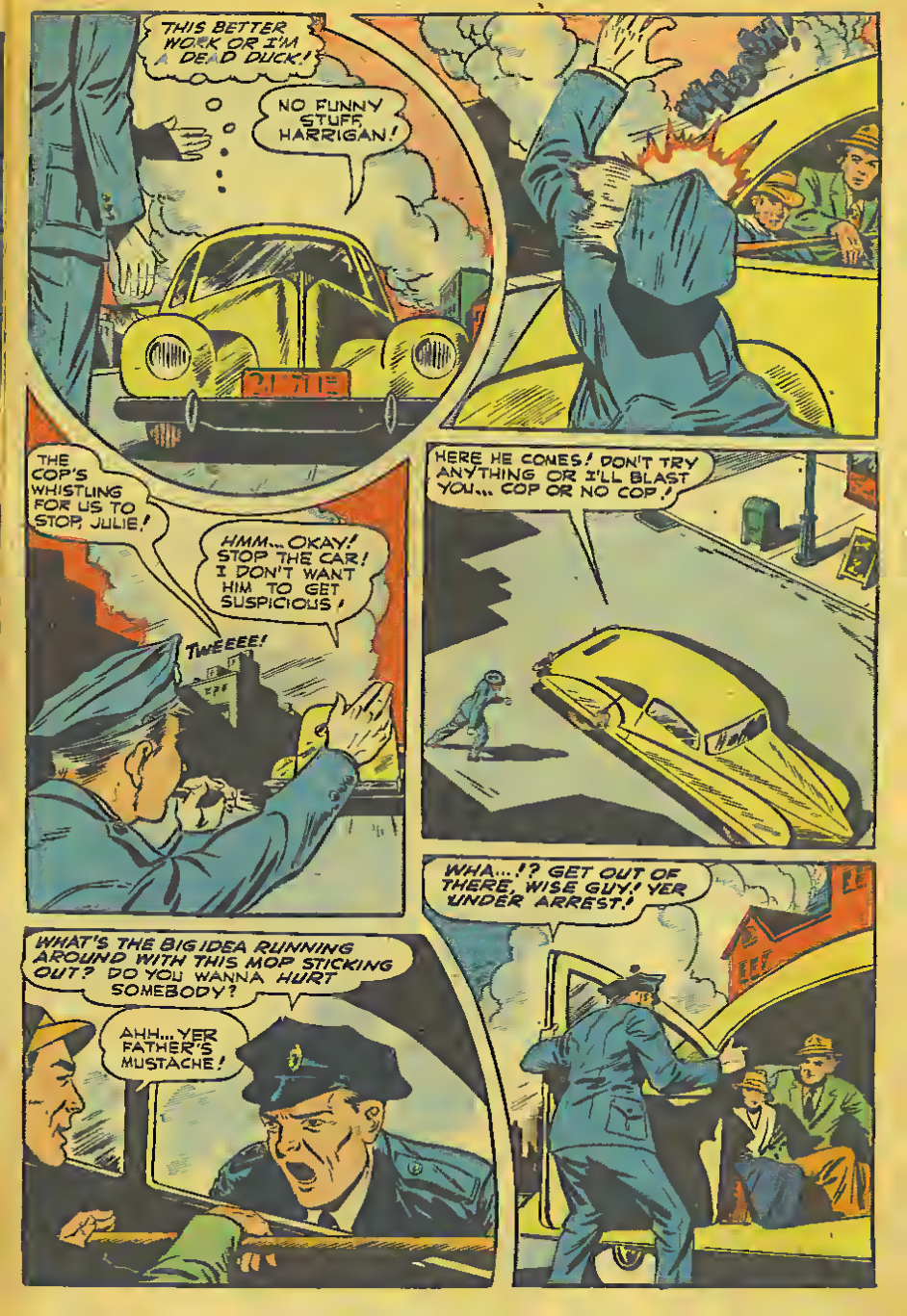

NO, JULIE! I GOTTA GET HIM... HER... TO MY NEWSPAPER OFFICE!
HMMM...HOW INTERESTING!

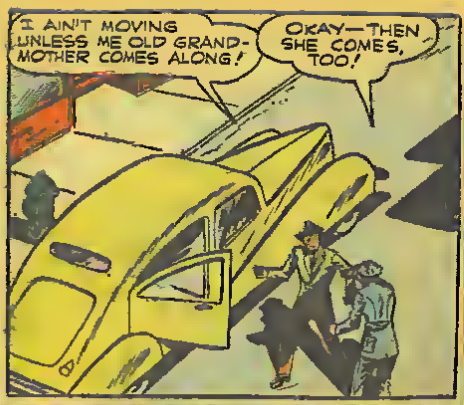

I THINK YOU OUGHT TO GET IN THAT CAR FIRST, HARRIGAN! THIS GUN SAYS SO!
(GASP) J-JULIE..! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?


WELL, FENNER... SO WE'VE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU AT LAST! THE BOSS DOESN'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO SING!
I...I... KNOW HER! SHE'S ROBB'S GIRL FRIEND!
HOW'D YOU KNOW HE WAS FENNER IN THAT DISGUISE?

CATCHING THAT BOX IN HIS LAP GAVE HIM AWAY! WHEN A WOMAN WANTS TO CATCH SOMETHING THAT WAY, SHE SPREADS HER SKIRT OUT! HE BROUGHT HIS LEGS TOGETHER AS MEN DO!
TH-THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME...!

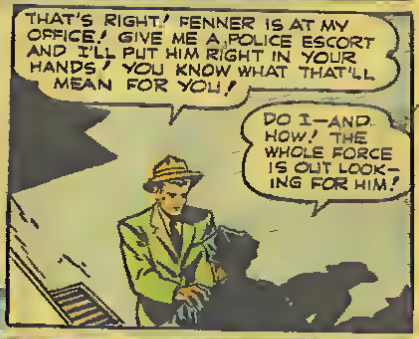

THAT'S RIGHT, FENNER! WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU —AND BRIGHT BOY HERE! HE WAS TOO CUTE FOR HIS OWN GOOD!
M-ME?


THIS BETTER WORK OR I'M A DEAD DUCK!
NO FUNNY STUFF, HARRIGAN!
WHOOSH!
THE COP'S WHISTLING FOR US TO STOP, JULIE!
HMM... OKAY! STOP THE CAR! I DON'T WANT HIM TO GET SUSPICIOUS!
TWEEEE!
HERE HE COMES! DON'T TRY ANYTHING OR I'LL BLAST YOU... COP OR NO COP!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA RUNNING AROUND WITH THIS MOP STICKING OUT? DO YOU WANNA HURT SOMEBODY?
AHH... YER FATHER'S MUSTACHE!
WHA...!? GET OUT OF THERE, WISE GUY! YER UNDER ARREST!


I AIN'T MOVING UNLESS ME OLD GRANDMOTHER COMES ALONG!
OKAY—THEN SHE COMES, TOO!

GET GOING BEFORE I TAKE THE REST OF YOU IN!

LISTEN, OFFICER—THAT BUSINESS I GAVE YOU WAS AN ACT TO GET AWAY FROM ROBB'S GANG WHO HAD IDEAS ABOUT KILLING ME! I'M HARRIGAN OF THE BLADE, AND I KNOW WHERE FENNER IS!
DID YOU SAY FENNER?


THAT'S RIGHT! FENNER IS AT MY OFFICE! GIVE ME A POLICE ESCORT AND I'LL PUT HIM RIGHT IN YOUR HANDS! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'LL MEAN FOR YOU!
DO I—AND HOW! THE WHOLE FORCE IS OUT LOOKING FOR HIM!

I'LL TAKE YOU THERE... OR ANYPLACE, HARRIGAN... BUT THIS BUSINESS OF FENNER BETTER BE ON THE LEVEL!
HEY, TAXI!
TAXI

HE GOT THE COP TO TAKE HIM DOWN TO THE NEWSPAPER! YOU FOOLS! WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE! IF FENNER TALKS...

MINUTES LATER AT THE DAILY BLADE
OKAY, HARRIGAN! I KEPT MY PART OF THE BARGAIN! WHERE'S FENNER?
STAY RIGHT HERE OFFICER! I'LL HAVE HIM FOR YOU IN A FEW MINUTES!
HARRIGAN!
WHY AREN'T YOU DOWN IN THE PRESS ROOM, YOU CLUCK! THAT FENNER STORY MAY BREAK WIDE OPEN AND YOU COME IN HERE WITH SOMEBODY'S GRANDMOTHER! AND WHAT'S THAT JOHN LAW DOING OUT THERE?
STOP YOUR PRESSES! I GOT A BOMB-SHELL FOR YOU!
I GIVE YOU FENNER— IN PERSON!
FEN...! YIPES!
STOP THE PRESSES! STOP THEM! CLEAR THE FIRST THREE COLUMNS! STAND BY!
HE'S GOING TO CONFESS TO THE DAILY BLADE AND TELL US HOW HE KILLED INSPECTOR CLAYTON ON ROBB'S ORDERS! START TALKING, FENNER!
LATER... BACK AT THE PRESS-ROOM...
WELL, WELL... HERE'S OUR LITTLE-WHITE-HAIRED BOY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CUTE CHICK AND THE OLD LADY?
HERE YOU ARE, SONNY! READ ALL ABOUT IT!
Daily Blade
FENNER SURRENDERS TO REPORTER OF DAILY BLADE
CONFESSION INCRIMINATES ROBB IN INSPECTOR'S MURDER!
HE SNEAKED FENNER OUT FROM UNDER OUR NOSE! MURDER HIM!
HEH, HEH! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LET A CHICK LIKE JULIE PUT YOU INTO A TAILSPIN INSTEAD OF TENDING TO BUSINESS LIKE ME!

MR. RISK

High in the air above gasping thousands in the Big Tent, the aerial artists challenge Death, avoiding his clutching, boney fingers by sheer muscle and ice-cold nerve! But—when a human fiend tempts the Man With the Scythe, into the breach steps *MR. RISK*, who stakes his very life on his ability to solve the riddle of the circus curse... and defeat—

"THE MAN WHO FED DEATH"

SUDDENLY, TWO FEET SLIP CLEAR OF THE WIRE...

HE'LL BE KILLED !!
THAT'S A HUNDRED FOOT DROP !!
OOOOOH!
EEEEEEEEEE
IN A RING-BOX, FRANK BANNER, THE CIRCUS OWNER AND MR. RISK ARE GAPING IN HORROR...
NO!
NOT BONITO TOO! IT CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN... ALL THESE HORRIBLE ACCIDENTS...!
DEATHS AND ACCIDENTS KEEP HAPPENING, MR. RISK! I-I SOMETIMES THINK A MALIGNANT FATE HAS IT IN FOR ME... OR MAYBE THERE'S SOME PERSON... WHO HATES MY CIRCUS!
LET, ABDUL AND ME LOOK ABOUT, FRANK!
YOU THINK FOUL PLAY, MASTER?
COULD BE! FROM WHAT BANNER TOLD ME, THREE MEN HAVE DIED IN THE LAST FOUR WEEKS! SIX OTHERS HAVE MET WITH BAD ACCIDENTS!
THE PERFORMERS ARE AFRAID TO STAY AND THE POLICE HAVE BEEN THREATENING TO CLOSE THE BANNER CIRCUS DOWN... THEY SUSPECT HIM OF USING CHEAP FAULTY EQUIPMENT!
WHEW! LOOK! THERE ARE RAZOR BLADES INSERTED IN THE WIRE! NO WONDER BONITO LOST HIS BALANCE!

IN THE GLOOMY DRESSING ROOM OF THE DEAD AERIAL ARTIST...

THE RAZOR-EDGE WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE THIN SOLES... POOR DEVIL! HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

WHAT WE DO NOW, MASTER? TELL YOUNG BANNER?

WE'LL ASK BANNER IF HE'LL LET US HELP HIM — OH-OH! WE'RE INTERRUPTING!

IT'S NO USE... FRANSISCO -YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL!

NO, NO! DO COME IN MR. RISK... FRANSISCO MADRID, HERE, FEELS TERRIBLY ABOUT HIS DEAD PARTNER... HE'S ALL BROKEN UP!

I SEE... WHERE IS FRANK?

MISTER BANNER IS WITH POLICE... HE WILL BE BACK SOON... MISTER BANNER WITH POLICE A LOT LATELY...

YOU'RE RIGHT, MADRID... NOW THE POLICE TELL ME — ONE MORE ACCIDENT AND THE AUTHORITIES WILL CLOSE MY CIRCUS! THEY'LL TAKE NO MORE CHANCES WITH MEN'S LIVES...

FRANK! THAT'S DREADFUL!

MAYBE CIRCUS OWNER *TOO* SMART... NOT GET CAUGHT WITH BAD STUFF, EH? BAD WIRE CHEAPER THAN GOOD WIRE!

WHY, YOU —

I'VE TAKEN ALL THE INSINUATIONS AND INSULTS FROM YOU THAT I'M GOING TO TAKE...

MAYBE TRUTH HURT, HUH? LIKE MY FIST...!

BREAK IT UP!

RISK, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! YOU HEARD WHAT MADRID SAYS... ALL THE PERFORMERS ARE SAYING THE SAME THING! BUT I BUY ONLY THE BEST EQUIPMENT...
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY!
OF COURSE I'LL HELP YOU, FRANK! ABDUL AND I WILL GO OVER EVERYTHING WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB...!
POOR DARLING... AS LONG AS MR. RISK IS GOING TO HELP WHY NOT LET HIM SEE THOSE THREATENING LETTERS YOU'VE RECEIVED?
YES, GIVE THEM TO HIM!
HERE THEY ARE!
HMM... MIGHTY INTERESTING! AS A MATTER OF FACT... THEY GIVE ME A RATHER IMPORTANT CLUE...
THAT NIGHT, A FURTIVE FIGURE CREEPS BETWEEN TRUNKS AND COSTUMES...
GOT TO SEARCH TRUNKS... FIND WHAT MASTER NEEDS...!
CAUGHT YOU!
HOW MUCH BANNER PAY YOU, BIG BOY? T'INK I CUT YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE!

THE GIANT BEDOUIN WHIRLS AND CATCHES MADRID IN A WRESTLING HOLD...

MASTER SAY NOT HURT ANYONE! BUT I JUST TEST MY MUSCLES — LIKE *THIS!*

LET GO... Y-YOU FOOL! YOU'LL ... KILL ME!

NOW, TO SEE MASTER — TELL HIM WHAT I HAVE LEARNED!

LATER

HERE KNIFE AND LETTERS ABDUL FIND IN MADRID'S TRUNK!

GOOD WORK, ABDUL... *HMM*... THESE SEEM TO BE JUST WHAT WE NEED!

NEXT DAY...

I WON'T DO IT, BANNER! I TELL YOU I'LL *QUIT* BEFORE I'LL GO UP ON THAT HIGH WIRE! LET MADRID RISK HIS NECK... I WON'T! NOT EVEN A SAFETY NET!

BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON! WE NEED A PARTNER FOR MADRID!

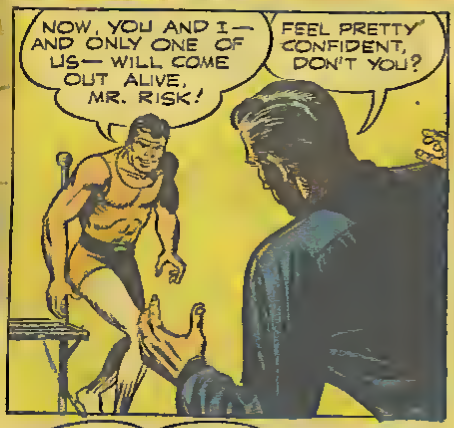
NOBODY'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO GO UP THERE! ANOTHER ACCIDENT COULD HAPPEN. ANYTIME! FORGET THE HIGH-WIRE STUFF! IT'S TOO GREAT A RISK!

I'LL TAKE THAT RISK! LET ME GO UP ON THE HIGH WIRE!

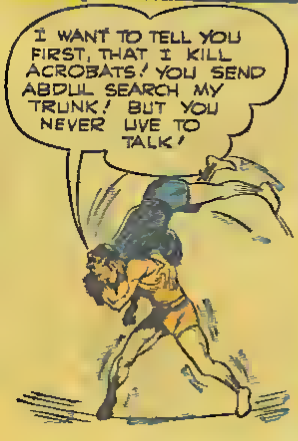
THAT FINE, RISK... I LIKE VER' MUCH TO HAVE YOU UP THERE WITH ME! WE HAVE GOOD WRESTLING MATCH — YOU AND ME...!

I WON'T LET YOU! THAT ACT WORKS WITHOUT A SAFETY NET!
DON'T BE SILLY, FRANK... REMEMBER—I USED TO BE ON THE HIGH WIRES A FEW YEARS BACK... I CAN HANDLE MYSELF!
I GO—MAKE READY!

FAR UP TO THE TOP OF THE BIG TENT GOES MR. RISK...
IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME... MY SENSE OF BALANCE... HOW TO CONTROL MY MUSCLES.. A FEW MORE SECONDS AND—BRING ON MADRID!


NOW, YOU AND I—AND ONLY ONE OF US—WILL COME OUT ALIVE, MR. RISK!
FEEL PRETTY CONFIDENT, DON'T YOU?

AM CONFIDENT! AM GREATEST AERIAL ARTIST ALIVE! YOU SEE? I COULD PUSH YOU OVER NOW... HEH, HEH!


I WANT TO TELL YOU FIRST, THAT I KILL ACROBATS! YOU SEND ABDUL SEARCH MY TRUNK! BUT YOU NEVER LIVE TO TALK!

WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE!
HA! HA! HOW YOU FEEL NOW, RISK? HA! HA! HA!

NOW IS TIME FOR YOU TO—DIE!

RISK'S HAND FLASHES IN MIDAIR CATCHES HOLD OF THE WIRE! HIS OTHER HAND SLAMS INTO MADRID'S ANKLE.. DESTROYS HIS BALANCE!

SUPPOSE YOU COME DOWN HERE!

No! NO! I BE KILLED!

THE FALLING MURDERER MAKES A DESPERATE GRASP FOR MR. RISK'S FOOT.. CATCHES HOLD ... TIGHT!

TAKE IT EASY, FRANSISCO! THE NET WILL BE UNDER US IN A JIFFY AND WE CAN MAKE THE TRIP DOWN TOGETHER!

LATER

ABDUL FOUND THE KNIFE AND LETTERS IN MADRID'S TRUNK! HE USED IT TO SLICE THE WIRE AND INSERT THE RAZOR BLADES. THE LETTERS ARE FROM A RIVAL CIRCUS, OFFERING MADRID MONEY TO BREAK UP THE BANNER CIRCUS!

MADRID LOVED GWEN! HE THOUGHT THAT BY MAKING FRANK QUIT, AND GETTING THE PERFORMERS TO GO TO THE RIVAL CIRCUS, GWEN WOULD LEAVE FRANK AND MARRY HIM! BUT THE SPANISH PUNCTUATION GAVE HIM AWAY... LOOK!

¡THE CIRCUS IS DOOMED! ¡ONE PERSON WILL DIE AT EACH PERFORMANCE! ¿WHO IS NEXT?

I'M GRATEFUL, MR. RISK... YOU SAVED MY CIRCUS AND MAYBE —MY GWEN!

WELL, THAT WAS WORTH TAKING A RISK FOR, EH, FRANK?

SUR-PRIZE CONTEST

1ST PRIZE - $15.00
2ND PRIZE - $5.00
3RD PRIZE - $3.00
4TH PRIZE - $2.00

WIN A CASH PRIZE FOR JUST A SHORT LETTER OF NOT MORE THAN 50 WORDS TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER IN SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS YOU LIKE BEST, SECOND BEST, THIRD BEST-AND WHY.

SEND IT TO US POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN AUGUST 1, 1948, ALONG WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND AGE. IN CASE OF A TIE DUPLICATE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. DO IT NOW!! HURRY!!

SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS-23 WEST 47 ST. N.Y 19, N.Y.C.